

"You need have no fear of that," responded Tim, so humbly that Sheehan glanced at him, first in surprise and then in contempt. If he were a young man he would not stand for such treatment. He, Paddy Sheehan, would have shown that he had a will of his own.

Despite the most careful observation on his part it was clear that the would-be son-in-law did not attempt to speak to Kathleen during the voyage. Paddy had been prepared for an outburst on Kathleen's part; he had nerved himself to resist it; but, to his amazement, Kathleen thoroughly agreed with him that Tim had had no business to go by the same ship. She spoke so lightly of the young fellow that her father's misgivings gradually abated and he grew convinced that he had succeeded in convincing his daughter of the "pup's" worthlessness.

He lost sight of him at Queenstown, but when he came upon him at Kerry, standing spick and span, with a shamrock in his buttonhole, at the railroad station, his anger burst out against him.

"You're following me," he shouted, shaking his fist under the young man's nose.

"Mr. Sheehan, I'll have you know once for all that I have no intention of following you," responded Tim. "I have come to Kerry to visit my old mother."

"If you cross my path again I'll eat you!" shouted the ex-alderman.

But the young man only turned away with offended dignity and Paddy, muttering and threatening, attempted to hire a jaunting car.

As the only one had just been hired by Murphy he was compelled to send to the livery stables for one. Growling and mumbling, he watched Tim drive away into the distance.

"Mark my words, if he follows us again I'll take the hide off him," he said to Kathleen.

"You are right, father. He is quite impossible," answered the girl.

"Impossible? Ain't he a fact?" demanded her father, frowning. This docility on his daughter's part was beyond his comprehension.

"Oh, please, don't let us speak about him again," pleaded Kathleen. And, as the car arrived at that moment, her father, mollified, got in and seated himself beside her.

All the way to Nora Finnerty's cottage he pointed out the old landmarks. By the time the little thatched building was in sight he was as enthusiastic as a boy. He drew up the car, leaped down and stared into the wrinkled face of the old woman knitting at the door. Then he flung his arms about her.

"It's Nora Finnerty, by all that's sacred!" he shouted. "Don't you know me, Nora? I'm Paddy Sheehan—Paddy that used to be your sweetheart in the long ago."

The old woman arose, beaming.

"Paddy!" she cried. "Back from Chicago, where it's great things I'm hearing of you all these years. But you must come in and have a bite. Only you mustn't kiss me, Paddy, because my husband's away and he wouldn't like it."

"Your husband!" echoed Paddy.

"Michael O'Rourke, who's at the fair today, leaving me the sweetest boy—but, come in—here's my son Tim, Mr. Sheehan."

The ex-alderman looked speechlessly at Tim Murphy. Then, whether or not the occasion overcame him, he grasped his hand. And instantly his daughter's arms were round his neck.

"Father, we love each other," she pleaded. "Father you won't keep us apart?"

"If I'd have known—" began Sheehan, growling, and then he clapped the young fellow upon the back.

"Take her, Tim O'Rourke," he said. "I give up. You've won her. I didn't dream you were the son of—eh—eh is it O'Rourke or is it Murphy they're after calling you?"

"Sure, he's me stepson," exclaimed